ORIGINAL EC COMICS FROM THE 1950s!

People Searching for Peace of Mind through...

PSYCHOANALYSIS

NO. 3
DEC

2.50
4.00
CANADA

THE
CHIATRIST

FREDDY
CARTER

ELLEN
LYMAN

MARK
STONE

JACK KAMEN

CASE NO. 101-MALE
SESSION 3

SUBJECT'S NAME:

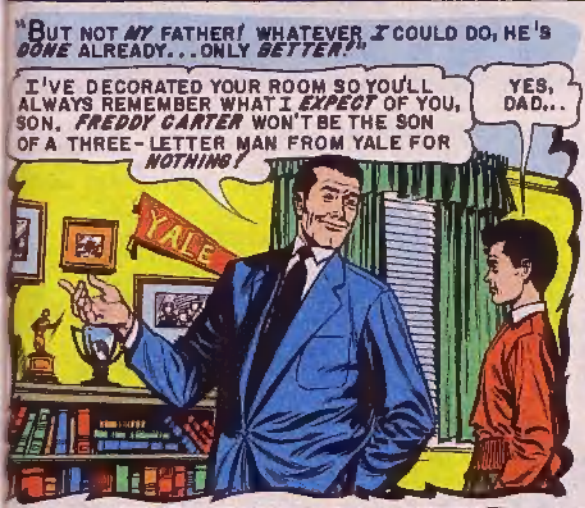
FREDDY CARTER

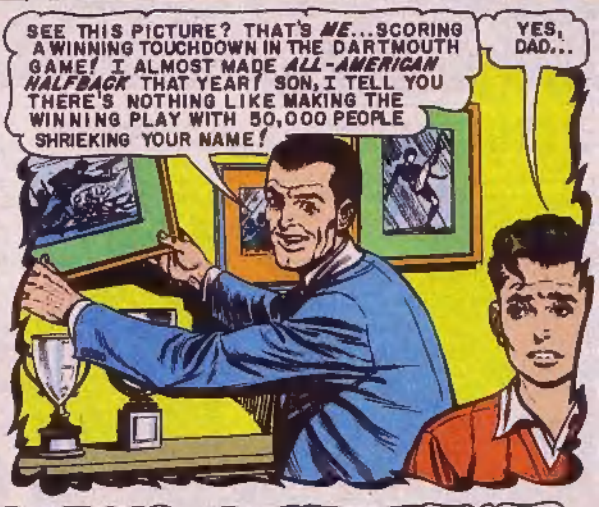
THE SUBJECT, FRED CARTER (15 YEARS OLD), HAD BEEN HOVERED-OVER, PAMPERED, AND SPOILED SINCE THE DAY HE'D BEEN BORN. THE RESULTS OF THIS OVERPROTECTIVENESS HAD PROVEN DISASTEROUS FOR FRED. HE'D BECOME A HYPOCHONDRIAC, AN ASTHMATIC, AND A CONSTANT SOURCE OF TROUBLE TO HIS PARENTS...FINALLY GOING TO THE LENGTHS OF STEALING A WATCH. THROUGH ANALYSIS, THE SUBJECT LEARNED THAT ONE OBJECT IN STEALING THE WATCH WAS TO HURT HIS PARENTS IN RETALIATION FOR THEIR PULLING HIS PERSONALITY IN TWO DIRECTIONS. HE ALSO LEARNED THAT HIS ALLEGED ASTHMA ATTACKS WERE PSYCHOSOMATIC...IMAGINARY...A DEVICE TO WORRY HIS PARENTS... TO CONVERT THEIR ANGER OVER HIS PEEVISH ANTICS INTO SYMPATHY FOR HIM. DISTURBED BY THE PROBLEMS OF GROWING UP, FREDDY CARTER WAS TRYING TO CREEP INTO THE CRADLE WHERE HE COULD AVOID THE RESPONSIBILITIES GROWING UP BRINGS. HIS THIRD SESSION BEGAN WITH . . .

YOU MAKE IT SOUND AS IF IT'S SOMETHING TO BE ASHAMED OF, FRED. EVERYBODY READS THE SPORTS SECTION, FROM THE PRESIDENT DOWN...
WELL, I DON'T? I DON'T FOLLOW SPORTS! I DON'T CARE FOR SPORTS!
I'M SURPRISED! I SHOULD THINK YOU WOULD! YOU HAVE THE BUILD OF AN ATHLETE...
WELL, I DON'T HAVE THE MIND OF AN ATHLETE! I DON'T THINK ABOUT ATHLETICS! I LET MY FATHER THINK ABOUT IT! HE THINKS ENOUGH ABOUT ATHLETICS FOR BOTH OF US!
BUT YOUR FATHER DIDN'T TURN TO THIS SPORTS PAGE! YOU DID! WHY ARE YOU AFRAID TO ADMIT IT?
I'M NOT AFRAID! CAN'T A GUY FOLD A PAPER IN A CERTAIN PLACE BY ACCIDENT WITHOUT YOU HOPPING ALL OVER HIM?
MY, WE'RE IN A FINE TEMPER TODAY!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT?! I'M SUPPOSED TO COME HERE FOR ANALYSIS ... TO FIND OUT WHAT'S BOTHERING ME... WHAT'S GOING ON IN MY MIND, AND STUFF LIKE THAT... AND HERE WE ARE, OFF ON A STUPID SUBJECT LIKE WHY I READ OR DON'T READ THE SPORTS PAGE!
WE'RE NOT OFF...WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT, FRED! WHEN WE FIND OUT WHY A DISCUSSION OF THE SPORTS PAGE THROWS YOU FOR SUCH A LOSS, WE'LL PROBABLY MAKE A FEW DISCOVERIES THAT HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH SPORTS! WANT TO COME IN ...?
NOW THEN... YOU DO READ THE SPORTS PAGE! THERE'S NO USE DENYING IT! SO THE PUZZLE IS...WHY DO YOU PRETEND NOT TO BE INTERESTED IN SPORTS WHEN YOU ARE?
MAYBE...
BAD MEMORIES?
AT ONE TIME OR OTHER, YOU DID PLAY BALL, RIGHT? FOOTBALL... BASKETBALL...BASEBALL...TENNIS... HOCKEY? DID I LEAVE ANY OUT?
NOPE! I PLAYED 'EM ALL! BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED IN 'EM! I... I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO ASK ME WHY!

WELL, I'LL TELL YOU WHY! BECAUSE I HATE SPORTS! I HATE ALL SPORTS! I'LL NEVER PLAY BALL AGAIN AS LONG AS I LIVE! SO WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT!
I'M NOT UPSET ABOUT IT, FRED! BUT YOU ARE! YOU'RE TREMBLING WITH ANGER! SOMETHING ABOUT SPORTS UPSETS YOU! WHAT IS IT?

LOOK! SOME GUYS HAVE FATHERS WHO LISTEN TO FIGHTS ON THE RADIO ON FRIDAY NIGHT... OR GO TO THE BALL PARK TO SEE A GAME...OR FOLLOW THE BATTING AVERAGES IN THE PAPERS! THOSE FATHERS ARE GLAD IF THEIR KIDS CAN EVEN CATCH A BALL!


"BUT NOT MY FATHER! WHATEVER I COULD DO, HE'S DONE ALREADY...ONLY BETTER!"
I'VE DECORATED YOUR ROOM SO YOU'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER WHAT I EXPECT OF YOU, SON. FREDDY CARTER WON'T BE THE SON OF A THREE-LETTER MAN FROM YALE FOR NOTHING!
YES, DAD...
YALE


SEE THIS PICTURE? THAT'S ME...SCORING A WINNING TOUCHDOWN IN THE DARTMOUTH GAME! I ALMOST MADE ALL-AMERICAN HALFBACK THAT YEAR! SON, I TELL YOU THERE'S NOTHING LIKE MAKING THE WINNING PLAY WITH 50,000 PEOPLE SHRIEKING YOUR NAME!
YES, DAD...

...AND THESE TROPHIES! GOLF...SOCCER...TENNIS! THEY'RE THINGS TO TREASURE THE REST OF YOUR LI—FRED! YOU'RE NOT LISTENING!
I AM, DAD! YOU TOLD ME ALL THIS BEFORE! I KNOW IT BY HEART!

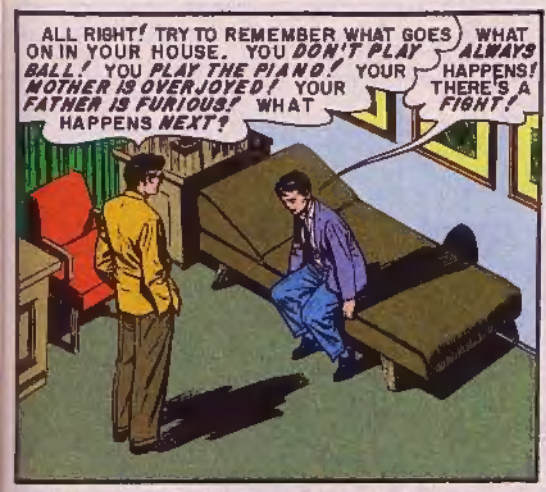
LIKE BLAZES! YOU'RE BORED LISTENING TO ME! YOU'RE PRACTICALLY FALLING ASLEEP! WHY WAS I CURSED WITH A NINNY OF A SON?!
I'M SORRY, DAD! I WAS LISTENING! I AM TRYING TO DO MY BEST AT SPORTS...

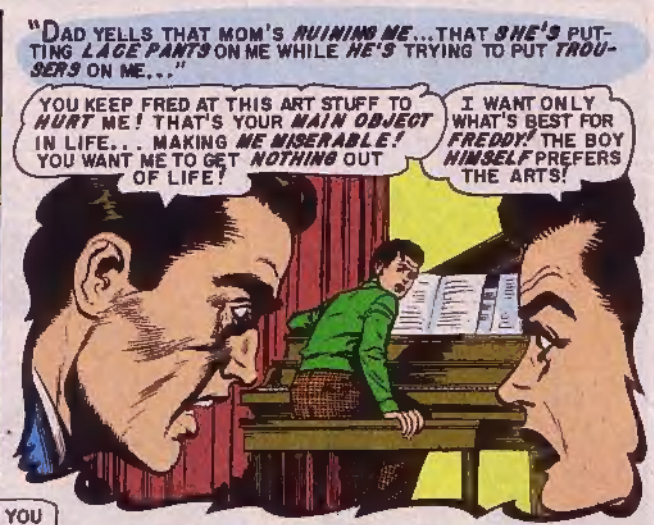
WORST, YOU MEAN! YOU HAVEN'T MADE ONE TEAM! NOT ONE! YOU DON'T CARE!
I AM TRYING, DAD! I'M JUST NOT GOOD ENOUGH, I GUESS...

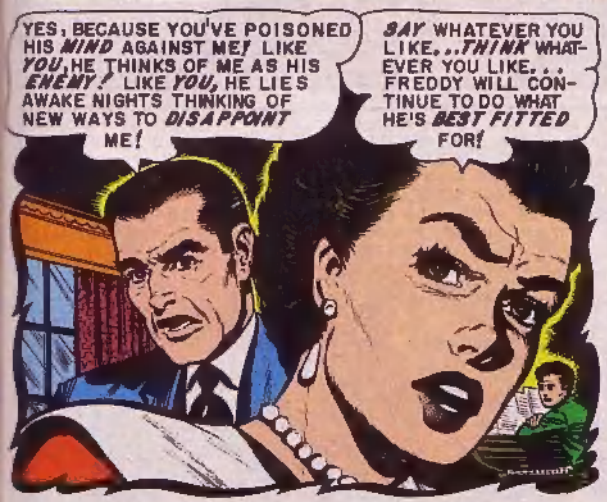
I'M SICK OF HEARING YOUR EXCUSES! I DON'T WANT ANY MORE EXCUSES! I WANT RESULTS! YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A TEAM, UNDERSTAND? YOU'RE GOING TO BE A CREDIT TO THE CARTER NAME OR I'LL KNOW THE REASON WHY!
WELL, I FINALLY MADE A TEAM... THE FOOTBALL TEAM! DAD WAS VERY PROUD OF ME. HE KEPT COACHING ME...TELLING ME OF TRICK PLAYS HE USED... AT YALE! HE RATTLED ON AND ON! FOR MONTHS HE TALKED NOTHING BUT FOOTBALL ...FOOTBALL...
"THE PAYOFF CAME DURING A PRACTICE SCRIMMAGE. THE IRONY OF IT WAS... I WAS TRYING ONE OF DAD'S TRICK PLAYS... A GRANDSTAND STUNT HE'D ONCE USED AGAINST CORNELL. WELL, IT WORKED FINE...UP TO THE LINE OF SCRIMMAGE. THEN..."
GASP...TH-THREE TACKLERS! WHERE ARE M-MY BLOCKERS?
"I TWISTED AND SQUIRMED...TRYING TO DODGE THEM. IT WAS NO USE. ALL THREE HIT ME AT THE SAME TIME..."
HOLD ON, CARTER!
YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYPLACE!
OOOFF!
IIIIEEEE!
"I WENT DOWN HARD AND I FELT SOMETHING SNAP IN MY LEG. I LAY ON THE FIELD FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE HOURS. THE PAIN WAS AWFUL. I CAN FEEL IT EVEN NOW. THE WHOLE TEAM GATHERED AROUND ME, LOOKING PALE AND SHOCKED..."
SOMEBODY CALL AN AMBULANCE!
WHAT HAPPENED?
HE BUSTED HIS LEG!
OOOOHHHH!
"THEY RUSHED ME TO THE HOSPITAL. AFTER MY LEG WAS SET, DAD CAME IN. HE WAS FURIOUS..."
YOU IDIOT! YOU BUMBLING IDIOT! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOU WON'T PLAY ANOTHER GAME THIS SEASON! YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING!
B-BUT, DAD! I...I COULDN'T HELP IT!
YOU'RE A LIAR! THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED! THIS WAS YOUR WAY OUT! YOU HATE FOOTBALL! YOU HATE EVERYTHING I LOVE! YOU DELIBERATELY DID THIS TO YOURSELF!
S-STOP IT, DAD! STOP IT! I...I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE!

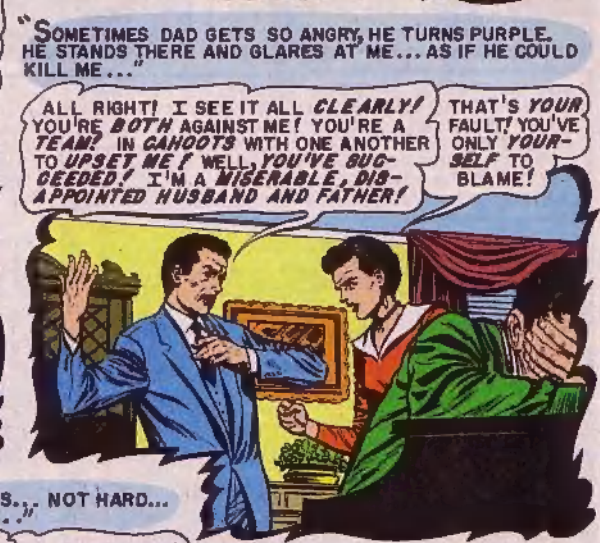
NO! I WON'T STOP! YOU'LL HEAR MORE... AND MORE AFTER THAT! YOU'LL NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT!... HOW YOU DELIBERATELY TRIED TO CHEAT ME OUT OF MY PLEASURE IN MY LIFE! HOW YOU HURT ME THE BEST WAY YOU KNEW HOW!
STOP IT! SOB... STOP IT! PLEASE!
BUT DAD NEVER STOPPED! HE REMINDS ME OF IT TO THIS DAY! THAT'S WHY I NEVER PLAYED FOOTBALL AGAIN... OR ANYTHING ELSE AGAIN! I TRIED TO PLEASE HIM! I BROKE MY NECK TO MAKE THAT TEAM! BUT HE...
YOU MEAN YOU BROKE YOUR LEG!
HUH!? THEN... THEN... YOU... AGREE WITH DAD?! ABOUT ME DOING IT ON PURPOSE?
NOT AT ALL! BUT WHETHER YOU BROKE YOUR NECK FIGURATIVELY, OR BROKE YOUR LEG LITERALLY, THE RESULTS WERE THE SAME! YOU DID ACHIEVE WHAT YOU REALLY WANTED! YOU STOPPED PLAYING!
THAT'S NOT TRUE! I STOPPED PLAYING BECAUSE I WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH! I NEVER WAS GOOD ENOUGH!
BUT YOU WERE GOOD, FRED! YOU MADE THE TEAM! YOU'VE GOT TO BE GOOD TO MAKE A HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM! YOU HAVE THE ABILITY! DON'T YOU SEE THAT?
ONLY YOU'RE AFRAID YOU'LL NEVER BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOUR FATHER! AND THAT'S WHAT HURTS! THAT'S WHY YOU STOPPED PLAYING! OUT OF REVENGE! YOU WANT TO GET BACK AT YOUR FATHER! YOU WANT TO HURT HIM!
THAT'S CRAZY! YOU SOUND LIKE DAD TALKING...
I IMAGINE ANYTHING UNPLEASANT SOUNDS LIKE YOUR DAD TALKING! PERHAPS THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE SENSITIVE TO! YOU ASSOCIATE EVERY UNPLEASURABLE TASK... EVERY BURDEN... EVERY AVERAGE CRITICISM... EVERY RESPONSIBILITY WITH YOUR FATHER!
NO! THAT'S NOT TRUE!
IT IS TRUE, FRED! YOUR FATHER MAKES DEMANDS UPON YOU. HE EXPECTS YOU TO GROW UP... MEET RESPONSIBILITIES... BE A MAN! A LEG HEALS... BUT NOT A GRUDGE! NOT YOUR GRUDGE! YOU DON'T EVER WANT TO HEAL IT!
THAT'S WHY YOU WON'T INDULGE IN SPORTS ANYMORE! YOU WANT TO FRUSTRATE YOUR FATHER! YOU WANT TO MAKE HIM AS UNHAPPY AS HE'S MADE YOU!

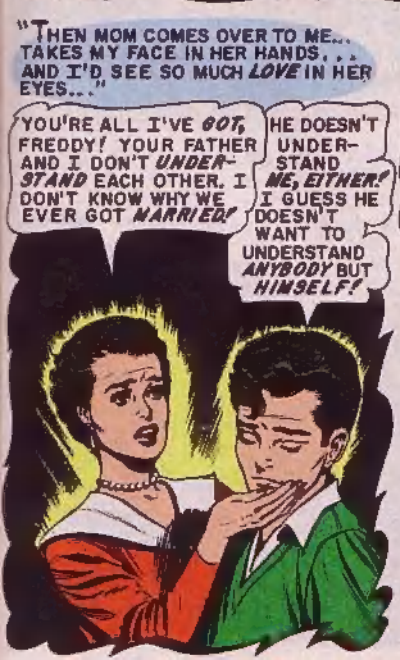
ALL RIGHT! I ADMIT IT! HE'S ALWAYS MAKING ME MISERABLE! PICKING ON ME ALL THE TIME! INSULTING ME! CALLING ME A SISSY! OKAY! NOW HE'S GOT HIS SISSY!
WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY SISSY, FRED?
WHAT DOES ANYBODY MEAN BY SISSY?! SOMEBODY WHO ACTS LIKE A GIRL! SOMEBODY WHO PAINTS... OR PLAYS THE PIANO... OR READS! SOMEBODY WHO DOESN'T DO WHAT HE WANTS! IF THAT'S A SISSY, THEN I'M A SISSY!
BUT WE KNOW THAT YOU DON'T ACTUALLY HATE THE THINGS YOUR FATHER LOVES!
ISN'T IT TRUE THAT YOU SHY AWAY FROM SPORTS BECAUSE SPORTS ARE A DEMAND YOUR FATHER MAKES UPON YOU... BECAUSE YOU RESENT THOSE DEMANDS...BECAUSE YOU RESENT YOUR FATHER?!
NO! NO!
WELL, LET'S SEE! YOU'VE TOLD ME YOUR FATHER MAKES YOU FEEL ASHAMED OF THE ARTS. HE TELLS YOU THE ARTS ARE FEMININE. IN SHORT, SISSY STUFF! AND YOU AGREED WITH HIM, DIDN'T YOU!?
YES, BUT NOT ANY MORE! YOU TOLD ME THERE'S NOTHING FEMININE ABOUT CULTURE!
THAT'S TRUE! THERE ISN'T! SENSITIVITY...GENTLENESS... SYMPATHY...THESE TRAITS HAVE NO SEX! MEN LOVE THE FINER THINGS IN LIFE AS WELL AS WOMEN! MEN AREN'T ONLY FOOTBALL PLAYERS OR SOLDIERS! THE ARTS AREN'T WOMENLY! YET, YOU HAD A GUILTY FEELING THAT THEY WERE! WHY, FRED? WHY?
WASN'T IT BECAUSE YOU ASSOCIATED THE ARTS WITH YOUR MOTHER? YOU SAID YOUR MOTHER IS CONSTANTLY ARGUING WITH YOUR FATHER ABOUT YOUR UPBRINGING! SHE'S PLEASED THAT YOU'VE GIVEN UP SPORTS, ISN'T SHE? WHY ARE YOU TRYING TO PLEASE HER AT THE COST OF YOUR FATHER'S UNHAPPINESS?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE GETTING AT!
JUST THIS! IT PLEASES YOU TO SIDE WITH YOUR MOTHER AGAINST YOUR FATHER! YOU WANT HER TO BE HAPPY AND HIM UNHAPPY! WE KNOW THAT YOU LIKE BOTH SPORTS AND ARTS! YET YOU WON'T INDULGE IN SPORTS AT ALL! WHY? WHAT'S THE REAL REASON?
I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO PROVE!


ALL RIGHT! TRY TO REMEMBER WHAT GOES ON IN YOUR HOUSE. YOU DON'T PLAY BALL! YOU PLAY THE PIANO! YOUR MOTHER IS OVERJOYED! YOUR FATHER IS FURIOUS! WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?
WHAT ALWAYS HAPPENS! THERE'S A FIGHT!


"DAD YELLS THAT MOM'S RUINING ME...THAT SHE'S PUTTING LACE PANTS ON ME WHILE HE'S TRYING TO PUT TROUSERS ON ME..."
YOU KEEP FRED AT THIS ART STUFF TO HURT ME! THAT'S YOUR MAIN OBJECT IN LIFE... MAKING ME MISERABLE! YOU WANT ME TO GET NOTHING OUT OF LIFE!
I WANT ONLY WHAT'S BEST FOR FREDDY! THE BOY HIMSELF PREFERS THE ARTS!

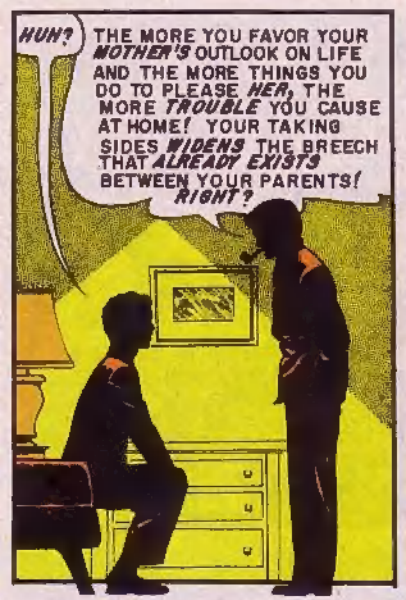

YES, BECAUSE YOU'VE POISONED HIS MIND AGAINST ME! LIKE YOU, HE THINKS OF ME AS HIS ENEMY! LIKE YOU, HE LIES AWAKE NIGHTS THINKING OF NEW WAYS TO DISAPPOINT ME!
SAY WHATEVER YOU LIKE...THINK WHATEVER YOU LIKE... FREDDY WILL CONTINUE TO DO WHAT HE'S BEST FITTED FOR!


"SOMETIMES DAD GETS SO ANGRY, HE TURNS PURPLE. HE STANDS THERE AND GLARES AT ME... AS IF HE COULD KILL ME..."
ALL RIGHT! I SEE IT ALL CLEARLY! YOU'RE BOTH AGAINST ME! YOU'RE A TEAM! IN CAHOOTS WITH ONE ANOTHER TO UPSET ME! WELL, YOU'VE SUCCEEDED! I'M A MISERABLE, DISAPPOINTED HUSBAND AND FATHER!
THAT'S YOUR FAULT! YOU'VE ONLY YOURSELF TO BLAME!


"THEN MOM COMES OVER TO ME... TAKES MY FACE IN HER HANDS... AND I'D SEE SO MUCH LOVE IN HER EYES..."
YOU'RE ALL I'VE GOT, FREDDY! YOUR FATHER AND I DON'T UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. I DON'T KNOW WHY WE EVER GOT MARRIED!
HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND ME, EITHER! I GUESS HE DOESN'T WANT TO UNDERSTAND ANYBODY BUT HIMSELF!

"THEN MOM CRIES... NOT HARD... BUT GRATEFULLY..."
HAVE PITY ON ME, FREDDY! M-MY LIFE IS SO UNHAPPY! IF NOT FOR YOU, I-I WOULDN'T KNOW HOW TO GO ON! SOB...
I KNOW, MOM! I'D RUN AWAY, TOO...IF NOT FOR YOU! THERE'S NOTHING ELSE FOR ME HERE...

AND IT'S T-TRUE! ALL MOM AND I HAVE IS EACH OTHER...
WHAT'S MORE, YOU LIKE IT THAT WAY, DON'T YOU, FRED? THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT!


HUH?
THE MORE YOU FAVOR YOUR MOTHER'S OUTLOOK ON LIFE AND THE MORE THINGS YOU DO TO PLEASE HER, THE MORE TROUBLE YOU CAUSE AT HOME! YOUR TAKING SIDES WIDENS THE BREECH THAT ALREADY EXISTS BETWEEN YOUR PARENTS! RIGHT?

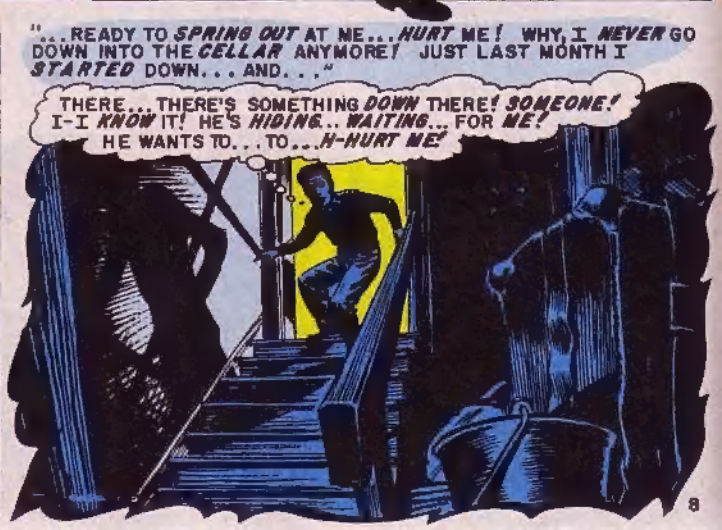
I CAN'T HELP THAT! I DON'T ASK MY FATHER TO DISAGREE WITH MY MOTHER!
NO! BUT THE MORE QUARRELS YOU CREATE, THE MORE ATTENTION YOUR MOTHER LAVISHES ON YOU! AND THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT ABOVE ALL... YOUR MOTHER'S AFFECTION! YOU WANT TO WIN YOUR MOTHER FROM YOUR FATHER! COMPLETELY!

BUT THAT'S CRAZY! WE JUST HAPPEN TO AGREE ON...
NO, FRED! YOU WANT TO AGREE! YOU WANT TO DRIVE A WEDGE BETWEEN YOUR FATHER AND YOUR MOTHER! YOU WANT TO SHUT YOUR FATHER OUT! YOU WANT ALL OF YOUR MOTHER'S LOVE! THAT'S WHY THE SPORTS PAGE IS SUCH AN IMPORTANT CLUE...

YOU DON'T HATE SPORTS! SECRETLY YOU LIKE THEM! BUT IF YOU ADMIT YOU LIKE THEM, YOU'LL MAKE YOUR FATHER HAPPY! HE WON'T HAVE SO MUCH TO QUARREL WITH YOUR MOTHER ABOUT! THEY'LL GET ALONG BETTER! AND YOU DON'T WANT THAT!
W-WHAT DO I WANT, THEN?

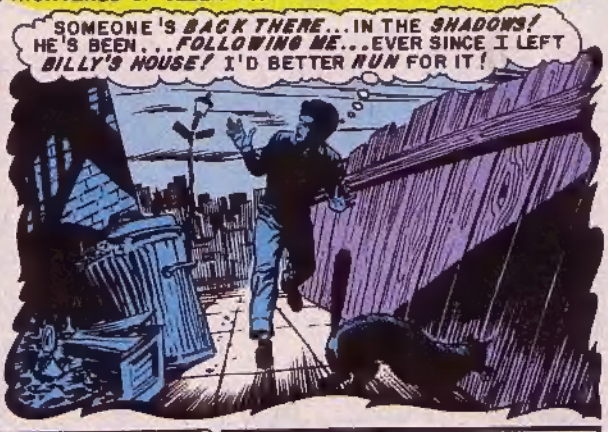
YOU WANT WHAT EVERY HUMAN BEING WANTS... PEACE OF MIND! YOU WANT TO STRAIGHTEN YOURSELF OUT! YOU WANT TO DO WHAT'S RIGHT INSTEAD OF WHAT'S WRONG! YOU WANT TO BE FAIR TO EVERYBODY... YES, EVEN TO YOUR FATHER!
WILL I EVER GET THERE, DOC? WILL I EVER GROW UP... AND STOP BEING A SISSY... AFRAID OF THE DARK?

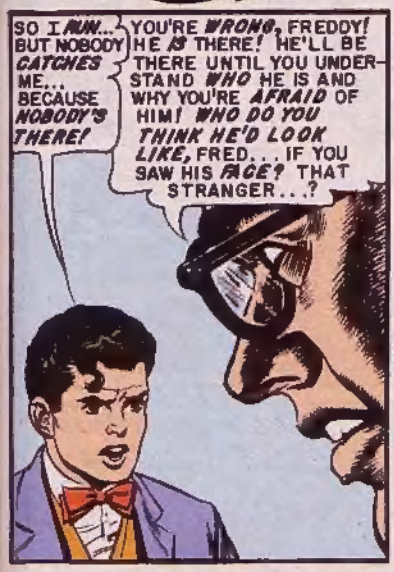
ARE YOU AFRAID OF THE DARK, FRED?
I ALWAYS WAS! I'M STILL AFRAID TO BE ALONE IN THE DARK! I'M AFRAID THERE'S SOMETHING THERE... WAITING FOR ME...

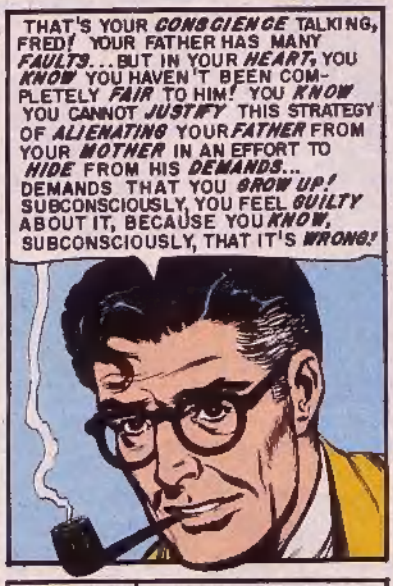

"...READY TO SPRING OUT AT ME... HURT ME! WHY, I NEVER GO DOWN INTO THE CELLAR ANYMORE! JUST LAST MONTH I STARTED DOWN... AND..."
THERE... THERE'S SOMETHING DOWN THERE! SOMEONE! I-I KNOW IT! HE'S HIDING... WAITING... FOR ME! HE WANTS TO... TO... H-HURT ME!

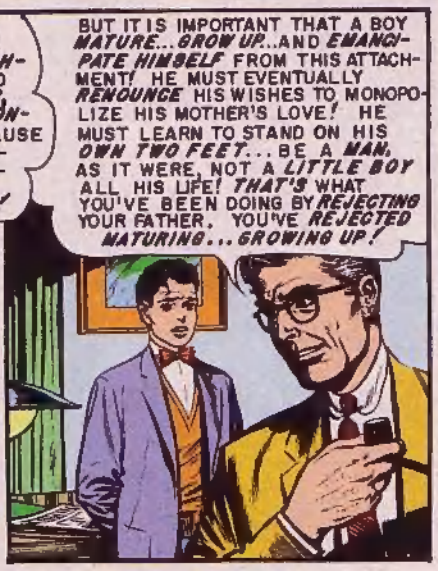
"I GET BAD *DREAMS* AT NIGHT... THAT SOMEONE... A *STRANGER*...IS COMING INTO MY ROOM...TO *MURDER* ME! I WAKE UP IN A COLD SWEAT..."

"BUT THERE'S NOBODY THERE! THERE'S NOBODY IN *ANY* OF THE SHADOWS! STILL, I'M FRIGHTENED JUST THE SAME... FRIGHTENED OF CELLARS... ALLEYS... DARK STREETS..."







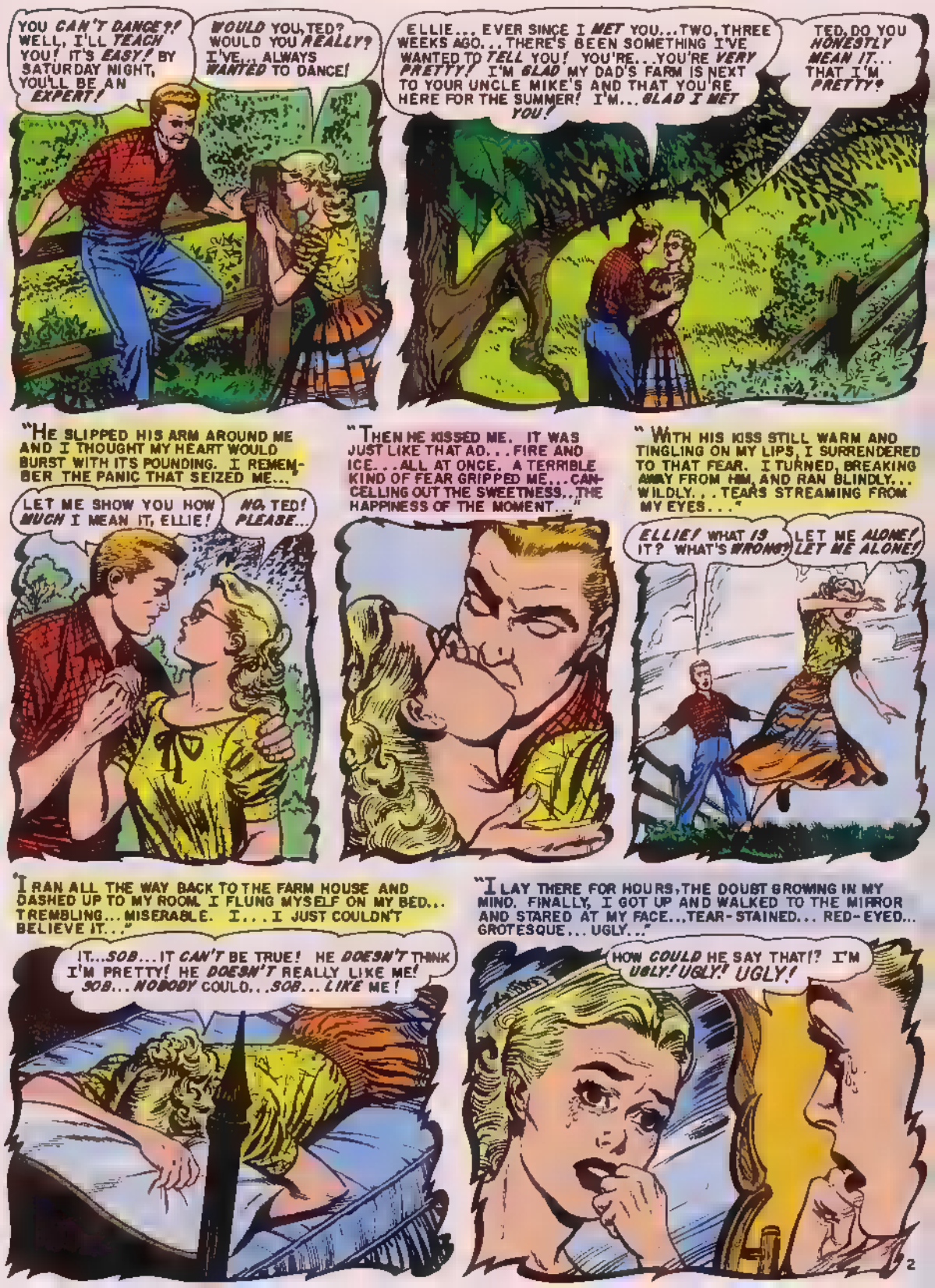


CASE NO. 102 · FEMALE

SUBJECT'S NAME: SESSION 3

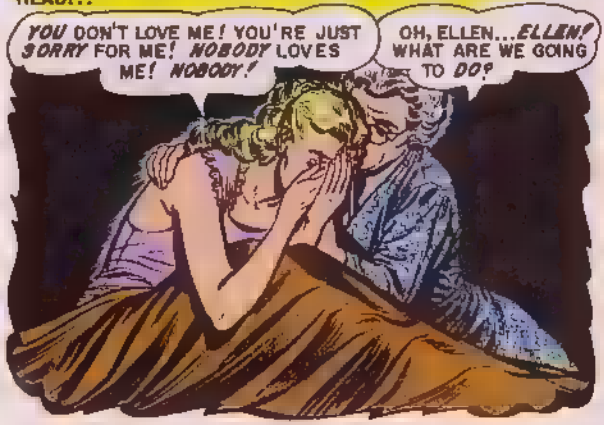
ELLEN LYMAN

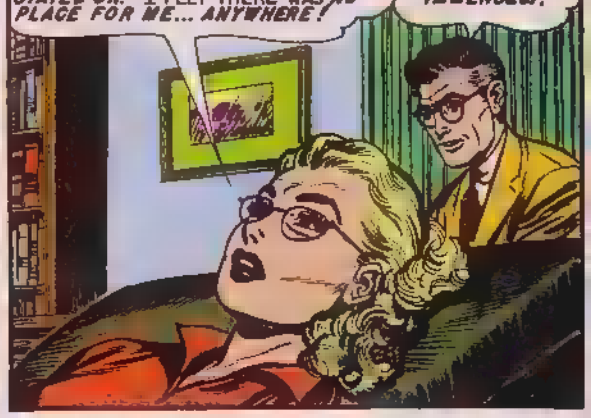
THE SUBJECT, ELLEN LYMAN (AGE:19) HAD COME TO THE PSYCHIATRIST SUFFERING FROM ACUTE MIGRAINE HEADACHES. THROUGH ANALYSIS, SHE'D DISCOVERED FOR HERSELF THAT THESE HEADACHES WERE A FORM OF SELF-PUNISHMENT FOR THE SUBCONSCIOUS GUILT SHE'D FELT FOR HATING HER SISTER, RUTH, WHOM ELLEN HAD BELIEVED BARRED HER WAY TO FINDING HAPPINESS. FURTHER DELVING LED ELLEN TO REALIZE THAT THE UNHAPPY SITUATION IN HER CHILDHOOD WAS NOT HER FAULT, AS SHE'D ALWAYS FELT, BUT WAS THE RESULT OF A BREAKDOWN OF HER PARENTS' MARRIAGE DUE TO PROBLEMS OVER WHICH SHE, AS A CHILD, HAD NO CONTROL. ONCE RELIEVED OF THIS SELF-BLAME, ONLY ONE STEP REMAINED FOR ELLEN TO TAKE TO GO ON TO A HAPPY AND FULL LIFE. HER THIRD AND LAST SESSION BEGAN WITH...

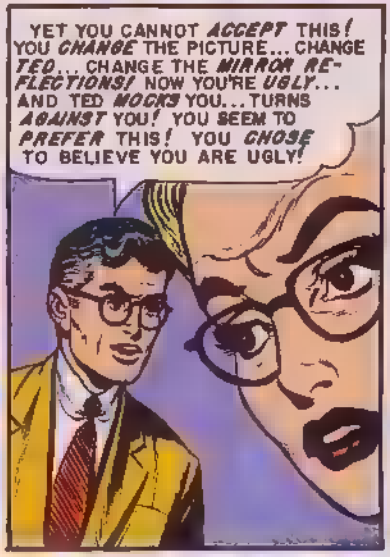

YOU CAN'T DANCE?! WELL, I'LL TEACH YOU! IT'S EASY! BY SATURDAY NIGHT, YOU'LL BE AN EXPERT!
WOULD YOU, TED? WOULD YOU REALLY? I'VE... ALWAYS WANTED TO DANCE!
ELLIE... EVER SINCE I MET YOU... TWO, THREE WEEKS AGO... THERE'S BEEN SOMETHING I'VE WANTED TO TELL YOU! YOU'RE... YOU'RE VERY PRETTY! I'M GLAD MY DAD'S FARM IS NEXT TO YOUR UNCLE MIKE'S AND THAT YOU'RE HERE FOR THE SUMMER! I'M... GLAD I MET YOU!
TED, DO YOU HONESTLY MEAN IT... THAT I'M PRETTY?
"HE SLIPPED HIS ARM AROUND ME AND I THOUGHT MY HEART WOULD BURST WITH ITS POUNDING. I REMEMBER THE PANIC THAT SEIZED ME...
LET ME SHOW YOU HOW MUCH I MEAN IT, ELLIE!
NO, TED! PLEASE...
"THEN HE KISSED ME. IT WAS JUST LIKE THAT AD... FIRE AND ICE... ALL AT ONCE. A TERRIBLE KIND OF FEAR GRIPPED ME... CANCELLING OUT THE SWEETNESS... THE HAPPINESS OF THE MOMENT..."
"WITH HIS KISS STILL WARM AND TINGLING ON MY LIPS, I SURRENDERED TO THAT FEAR. I TURNED, BREAKING AWAY FROM HIM, AND RAN BLINDLY... WILDLY... TEARS STREAMING FROM MY EYES..."
ELLIE! WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S WRONG?
LET ME ALONE! LET ME ALONE!
"I RAN ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE FARM HOUSE AND DASHED UP TO MY ROOM. I FLUNG MYSELF ON MY BED... TREMBLING... MISERABLE. I... I JUST COULDN'T BELIEVE IT..."
IT... SOB... IT CAN'T BE TRUE! HE DOESN'T THINK I'M PRETTY! HE DOESN'T REALLY LIKE ME! SOB... NOBODY COULD... SOB... LIKE ME!
"I LAY THERE FOR HOURS, THE DOUBT GROWING IN MY MIND. FINALLY, I GOT UP AND WALKED TO THE MIRROR AND STARED AT MY FACE... TEAR-STAINED... RED-EYED... GROTESQUE... UGLY..."
HOW COULD HE SAY THAT!? I'M UGLY! UGLY! UGLY!

I SEE! WHAT HAPPENED THEN, ELLEN?
I HID MYSELF FROM TED FOR THREE DAYS I DID NOT LEAVE MY ROOM. I PRETENDED TO BE ILL! I... I HAD AN AWFUL NIGHT-MARE AT THE TIME! I REMEMBER...
"I DREAMED I WAS IN A LONG HALL OF MIRRORS. I WAS BEAUTIFUL IN A FLOWING GOWN. FROM SOMEWHERE, LILTING MUSIC DRIFTED...MELODIC...ENCHANTING. I BEGAN TO DANCE...SLOWLY AT FIRST...THEN FASTER AND FASTER. I WHIRLED DIZZILY, IN EFFORTLESS, GRACEFUL TURNS..."
"TED APPEARED...AND SUDDENLY I WAS IN HIS ARMS. THE MUSIC WAS GAY AND WE DANCED HAPPILY TOGETHER. AND HE WHISPERED..."
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, ELLIE! SO BEAUTIFUL...
OH, TED...TED... I BELIEVE YOU! I WANT TO BELIEVE YOU!
"ALL AT ONCE, EVERYTHING CHANGED. A DAMP, CLAMMY MIST SWIRLED IN, AND TO MY HORROR, TED MOCKED ME...WHILE IN THE MIRRORS, OUR REFLECTED IMAGES NOW TURNED UGLY... ADDING THEIR MOCKERY TO TED'S..."
SHE BELIEVES ME! HA! UGLY ELLIE BELIEVES ME!
UGLY ELLIE!
HA! UGLY! HA!
UGLY!
"I FLED THROUGH THE MIST WHICH GREW THICKER AND THICKER, SWIRLING ABOUT ME LIKE AN IMPENETRABLE VEIL. THE MOCKING LAUGHTER DRIFTED AFTER ME..."
HA-HA!
HAH! HAH!
"AND THEN I AWOKE... SCREAMING... FILLED WITH FEAR AND HORROR. MY SCREAMS BROUGHT UNCLE MIKE AND AUNT EDNA..."
NO! NO! WHY MUST I BE UGLY! WHY? WHY?
HUSH, ELLEN! HUSH!
YOU'VE HAD A NIGHT-MARE, HONEY!
"AUNT EDNA TOOK ME IN HER ARMS AND HELD ME... COMFORTING ME. I BLURTED OUT HOW I FELT..."
NO ONE LOVES ME! NO ONE...SOB... WANTS ME!
THAT'S NOT TRUE, ELLEN! YOUR UNCLE AND I LOVE YOU!
WE DO, ELLEN! TRULY, WE DO...

"BUT EVEN WITH AUNT EDNA AND UNCLE MIKE *REASSURING* ME, I DIDN'T *BELIEVE* THEM! I *COULDN'T?* HOW COULD *THEY* LOVE ME? THEY HARDLY *KNEW* ME! I SHOOK MY HEAD..."







THE *CONSCIOUS MIND* IS A *PROTECTOR*, ELLEN. IT PROTECTS US FROM OUR *SUBCONSCIOUS*. IT *CENSORS* OUR TRUE INNER FEELINGS! BY PUTTING THE BLAME ON *TED*... ON YOUR *UNCLE*... ON YOUR *AUNT*... ON *EVERYONE* BUT WHERE IT *ACTUALLY BELONGS*... *ON YOURSELF!*... YOU ARE CONSCIOUSLY *PROTECTING YOURSELF* FROM YOUR TRUE INNER FEELINGS!

I... I DON'T *UNDERSTAND*, DOCTOR! WHY SHOULD I SUBCONSCIOUSLY FEEL THAT I AM *UGLY*, WHEN I AM *NOT*? WHY SHOULD I *WANT* TO DRIVE LOVE AWAY!

BECAUSE IN ORDER TO BE ABLE TO *RECEIVE* LOVE, YOU MUST BE ABLE TO *GIVE* LOVE, ELLEN!

YOU MEAN THAT I'M NOT *CAPABLE OF LOVING!?* THAT I HAVE NO *CAPACITY* FOR IT!?

NOT AT *ALL!* YOU'RE *AFRAID* OF LOVE! AFRAID OF BEING *REJECTED* AS YOU WERE IN YOUR *CHILDHOOD!* YOU'RE AFRAID OF BEING *HURT!* SO, IN ORDER TO *PROTECT* YOURSELF, *YOU* STRIKE THE FIRST BLOW... THE BLOW YOU'VE COME TO EXPECT OF *OTHERS!* YOU SEVER *EMOTIONAL TIES* BEFORE THEY GROW *STRONG*... BECAUSE YOU'RE AFRAID OF STRONG EMOTIONAL TIES!

THEN BY *DENYING* LOVE... BY NOT *TRUSTING* OTHERS... BY *REJECTING* THEM AND NOT *BELIEVING* THEM, I'M ACTUALLY BEING *SELFISH!*

YOU'VE MADE A *VITAL DISCOVERY*, ELLEN! *MOST* NEUROTIC BEHAVIOR STEMS FROM *SELFISH MOTIVATIONS!* IN *YOUR* CASE, YOU SHIFTED THE BURDEN OF GUILT FOR YOUR UNHAPPINESS UPON *OTHER* PEOPLE INSTEAD OF *YOURSELF* IN ORDER TO *PROTECT* YOURSELF FROM *SELF-BLAME*... *SELF-GUILT!*

GO ON, ELLEN! WHAT HAPPENED *AFTER* YOU RETURNED FROM THE FARM?

I... I *KEPT UP* THAT... THAT *REJECTION* PATTERN... THAT *WITHDRAWAL* PATTERN I'D ALWAYS FOLLOWED. I SET UP A *SELF-MADE PROTECTIVE SHELL!*

"I WENT NOWHERE... SAW NO ONE! MY SISTER RUTH TRIED TO INCLUDE ME IN HER ACTIVITIES..."

HOW *ABOUT* IT, ELLIE? *COME ON ALONG!* IT'LL BE A *SWELL* PICNIC!

NO... NO THANKS, RUTH! YOU GO AHEAD *WITHOUT* ME! I'M *PERFECTLY* HAPPY TO STAY HOME AND *READ!*

ELLIE, WHY ARE YOU *DOING* THIS TO YOURSELF? YOU'RE ONLY A *KID!* YOU OUGHT TO BE HAVING *FUN!* YOU'RE SHUTTING YOURSELF *OUT*... LETTING THE WORLD *PASS YOU BY!*

I *PREFER* IT THIS WAY, RUTH! IT'S *MY LIFE!* AND I DON'T CARE TO *DISCUSS* IT! NOW, PLEASE *GO*... AND *LEAVE ME ALONE!*

"IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER, THAT I CAME TO THE CITY, I DECIDED THAT I WANTED TO WORK AND ATTEND COLLEGE AT NIGHT. I WANTED TO BE ON MY OWN. ACTUALLY, I GUESS, IT WAS ONLY ANOTHER KIND OF REJECTION UPON MY PART. ANYWAY, A FRIEND OF DAD'S OFFERED ME A JOB AND I ACCEPTED..."

WRITE OFTEN, ELLIE!

I *WILL*, MOTHER! 'BYE, DAD! 'BYE, RUTH!

HONEY, I HOPE THIS IS THE *RIGHT THING* YOU'RE DOING?

I SURE WISH YOU'D COME TO *"STATE"* WITH *ME*, ELLIE!

NO! THIS IS WHAT I *WANT!* I NEED A *NEW PERSPECTIVE!* GOOD-BYE...

"AS THAT TRAIN PULLED OUT, I FELT I WAS EMBARKING ON A GREAT ADVENTURE... A NEW LIFE. I THOUGHT THE CHANGE OF SCENE WOULD CHANGE *ME*..."

"BUT I SOON LEARNED HOW WRONG I WAS. MY LIFE WAS TAKEN UP WITH WORK AND SCHOOL. I WAS CONSTANTLY SURROUNDED BY PEOPLE, YET I HAD NO FRIENDS. I FELT STRANGELY ALONE..."

"SEVERAL OF THE GIRLS AT THE OFFICE WERE ALSO ATTENDING EVENING SESSION AT COLLEGE WITH ME. ALTHOUGH I LONGED TO KNOW THEM BETTER, I COULDN'T BREACH THE GAP BETWEEN US. ONE NIGHT, IN THE LOCKER ROOM AFTER CLASSES...

ARE YOU INVITING *ELLEN LYMAN* TO YOUR PARTY, MADGE?

I *AM NOT!* NOT *THAT SNOB!* SHE THINKS SHE'S *TOO GOOD* FOR US... THE WAY SHE KEEPS TO HERSELF...

"MADGE'S WORDS CUT ME LIKE A KNIFE..."

NO! SHE'S *WRONG!* I'M *NOT* A SNOB! I'M *AFRAID* OF PEOPLE... AFRAID OF MY OWN *CLUMSINESS*... MY INABILITY TO *MINGLE!*

SO THEY HAD YOU TABBED AS A *SNOB*, EH, ELLEN? AND *YOU* BELIEVE THEY WERE *WRONG?*

OF COURSE THEY WERE! A SNOB IS A PERSON WHO *LOOKS DOWN* UPON OTHER PEOPLE... HAS NO *RESPECT* FOR THEM!

ISN'T THAT AN *EXCELLENT DESCRIPTION OF YOURSELF*, ELLEN?

NOW, *WAIT A MINUTE*, DOCTOR! HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT *I* HAVE *NO RESPECT* FOR PEOPLE... THAT I *LOOK DOWN* AT THEM?

HOW MUCH RESPECT DO YOU HAVE FOR A PERSON NAMED *ELLEN LYMAN*? CAN'T YOU SEE THAT YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS ATTITUDE TOWARD *YOURSELF* IS CONSCIOUSLY DIRECTED AT *OTHERS*!

I...I NEVER *THOUGHT* OF IT *THAT* WAY!

YOU HAVE A *CONTEMPT* FOR YOURSELF ... EVEN A *LOATHING*. YOU THINK YOU'RE NOT *WORTHY* OF LOVE, HENCE YOU'VE WITHDRAWN INTO A SHELL. YOU *BLAME* YOURSELF FOR THE *REJECTION* YOU FELT AS A *CHILD*! YOU HAVE COME TO *EXPECT* THIS REJECTION FROM *EVERYONE*! YOU DIVORCE YOURSELF FROM PEOPLE BECAUSE YOU LOOK *DOWN* UPON YOURSELF AND CAN'T BELIEVE THAT THEY COULD *ACCEPT* YOU... AND *OFFER* YOU *LOVE*!

BUT YOU *DISCOVERED*, IN PAST SESSIONS, THAT YOUR CHILDHOOD REJECTION WAS *NOT* OF *YOUR MAKING*, ELLEN! THAT YOU HAD NO *CONTROL* OVER IT! THAT IT WAS CAUSED BY MANY FACTORS *NOT INVOLVING* YOU! WHY CONTINUE TO *BLAME YOURSELF*...OR *JUDGE* PEOPLE *TODAY* BY THE *EMOTIONAL JUDGEMENTS* OF YOUR *CHILDHOOD*?

OH, DOCTOR, I'VE BEEN SO *BLIND*! I HOPE IT'S NOT *TOO LATE*...WITH *PAUL*!

PAUL!? YOU HAVEN'T MENTIONED *HIM* BEFORE?

I...I KNOW! PAUL IS A FELLOW I MET IN EVENING SESSION. HE... HE'S *VERY* NICE! HE'S ASKED ME FOR DATES BUT I'VE ALWAYS TURNED HIM DOWN! I'M THINKING NOW ABOUT WHAT HE *SAID*... *JUST LAST NIGHT*...

"AFTER CLASS, HE STOPPED ME ON THE CAMPUS..."

ELLEN, I'VE GOT TWO TICKETS FOR THE *CONCERT* SATURDAY NIGHT! WOULD YOU GO *WITH* ME?

I... I DON'T *KNOW*! I...I DON'T *THINK* SO! I...THINK I'LL BE *BUSY*! I...I...

ELLEN, *WHY* DO YOU AVOID *ME*... *PEOPLE*? ARE YOU *HAPPY* IN YOUR LONELINESS?

I'M *NOT* LONELY! I HAVE MY *JOB*...MY *SCHOOL WORK*...

I SEE! THE RECIPE FOR A FULL AND HAPPY LIFE, EH? WELL, YOU FORGOT ONE INGREDIENT, ELLEN! LOVE! YOU'RE AFRAID! AND FEAR FLOURISHES IN LONELINESS!
PAUL... PLEASE... I'D RATHER NOT DISCUSS MY PROBLEMS! IT'S MY LIFE! TO LIVE THE WAY I CHOOSE!
IT IS... BUT DON'T WASTE YOUR LIFE! IF YOU DECIDE TO GO TO THE CONCERT, LET ME KNOW! I'LL BE AVAILABLE! WELL... GOOD-NIGHT, ELLEN!
"I... I WANTED TO CALL OUT TO HIM... RUN AFTER HIM. INSTEAD, I STOOD THERE... NUMBLY... UNABLE TO MOVE... TO REACH OUT FOR HAPPINESS..."
GOOD... NIGHT...
I KNOW NOW WHY I LET HIM GO, DOCTOR! I KNOW NOW THAT I NEED LOVE... THAT I'VE ALWAYS NEEDED IT... AND I'VE BEEN DENYING IT TO MYSELF BECAUSE I WAS AFRAID OF IT! WELL, I'M NOT AFRAID ANYMORE!
YOU'VE MADE A GREAT ADMISSION, ELLEN! A PERSON IS NOT SUFFICIENT UNTO HIMSELF! NO ONE CAN EXIST HAPPILY AND WHOLLY WITHOUT LOVE... WITHOUT GIVING IT AND RECEIVING IT! YOU KNOW, NOW, THAT YOU NEED OTHERS... THAT YOU NEED PAUL!
IF YOU WANT THE HAPPINESS YOU SEEK, ELLEN, STOP DENYING IT TO YOURSELF! STOP PUNISHING YOURSELF! TREAT YOURSELF WITH RESPECT! STOP LOOKING DOWN AT YOURSELF! STOP BEING A SNOB TOWARDS ELLEN LYMAN! TAKE THE FIRST STEP! TELL PAUL YOU'LL GO TO THAT CONCERT...
I WILL, DOCTOR! I WILL!
HOW WOULD YOU FEEL ABOUT TERMINATING YOUR TREATMENT, ELLEN?
YOU MEAN... I'M... I'M CURED?
WE'VE GONE AS FAR AS WE CAN! YOU KNOW THE CURE OF YOUR PROBLEM! YOU KNOW THE FACTS ABOUT YOURSELF! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GO AHEAD NOW... WITHOUT MY HELP!
OH, YES, DOCTOR! THE ELLEN LYMAN WHO WALKED INTO YOUR OFFICE SO LONG AGO NO LONGER EXISTS! THE SLATE'S BEEN WIPED CLEAN... AND I'M NOT AFRAID TO WRITE A NEW LIFE-STORY UPON IT! A HAPPY STORY! GOOD-BYE, DOCTOR!
GOOD-BYE, ELLEN... AND GOOD LUCK!
CASE NO. 102
ELLEN LYMAN: Therapy Completed!
THE END
8

YOUR LIFE IS IN YOUR DREAMS

In his overwhelmingly powerful tragedy, "Macbeth," Shakespeare makes much use of the dreams and tortured fantasies plaguing the guilty minds of Macbeth and his lady. More than three hundred years ago, the Bard understood that dreams and behavior patterns were so closely interwoven that, for all purposes, one was the other's spokesman.

The phenomenon of dreaming has long fascinated people, for it is an occurrence which comes to everyone. Who has not been transported to distant places and experienced the adventures of frustrated ambitions and secret desires in a dream? Who has not "ridden the night mare" and been carried through frightening and macabre events which have been none the less real, although made up of the mind's vagaries?

Man has always dreamed and some believe that certain animals, such as dogs, also dream. What is a dream? How can one be fast asleep and at the same time be undergoing the gamut of emotions of the dream world? The answer lies in the two levels of our minds—the conscious and the subconscious. The conscious controls our actions and behaviors during the waking hours. But, once asleep, the conscious is powerless—and it is the sub-conscious, the store house of the mind, the secret agent of suppressed desires, hidden motives and submerged personalities, which takes over the controls of our minds.

As though it were a movie camera projecting onto a screen, the sub-conscious unravels its tangled skein of memories, impressions, fears and fantasies. In our dreams, we relive our experiences, either recent or in the distant past. However, the sub-conscious mind does not present these impressions to us in simple terms. They are masked and disguised in many forms. It was Freud, the father of psychoanalysis, who first made scientific use of dream symbolisms concealing the true meanings of our sub-conscious.

Interpretations of dreams have long been a mystery, and even in ancient times there were soothsayers and seers who explained dreams to troubled and disturbed people. Gypsies have long hood-winked the gullible by pretending an occult power which, they claim, enables them to understand dreams. Many volumes have been written about dreams and their real meanings. While it is true that certain common dream symbols have constant significances, every dream is as individual as the dreamer and stems solely from his problems and experiences.

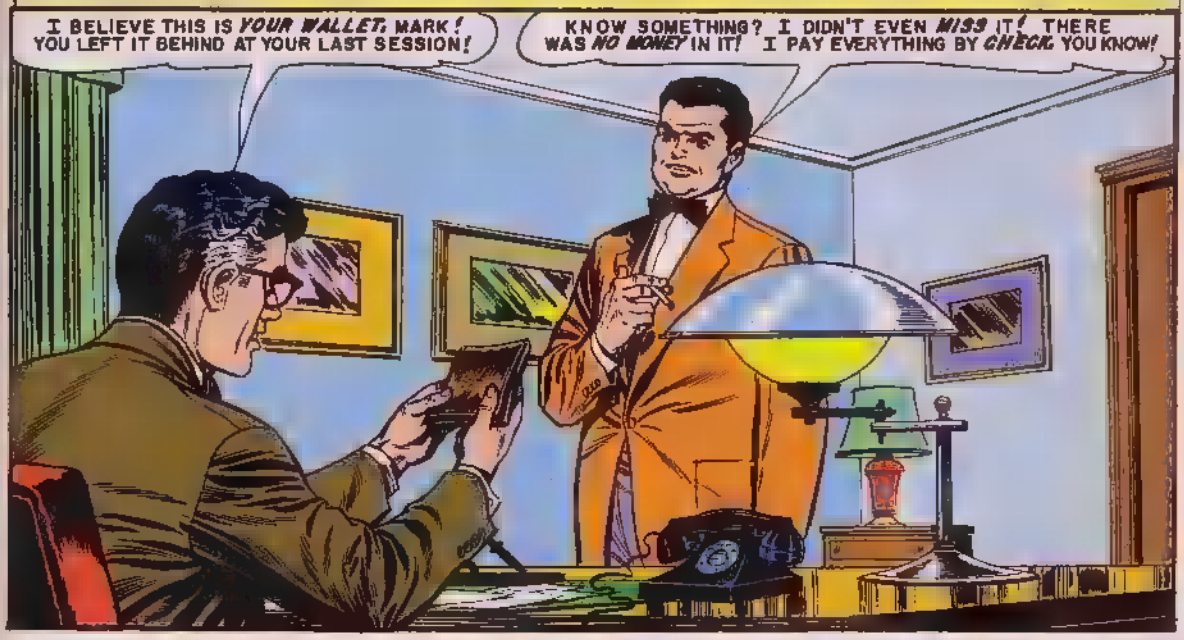
The Freudian psychiatrists place much emphasis on dreams. Patients are encouraged to remember and recount their dreams in entirety so that a pattern of the sub-conscious may be pieced together, as are the segments of a jig saw puzzle. Eventually, a picture emerges—and it will reveal the true motivations and emotions of the patient. This can only be evolved through the skillful understanding of the frequently wild fancies of the dreamer, even though they have no obviously intelligible interpretation. Yet, in trained hands, these incoherent jumbles are completely revealing and afford an insight into those areas of the mind which can not be explored when the conscious regulates the patient's behavior. Whether you are aware of it or not, your life is in your dreams. No man can hide the truth about himself from himself and your dreams tell the kind of a person you really are.

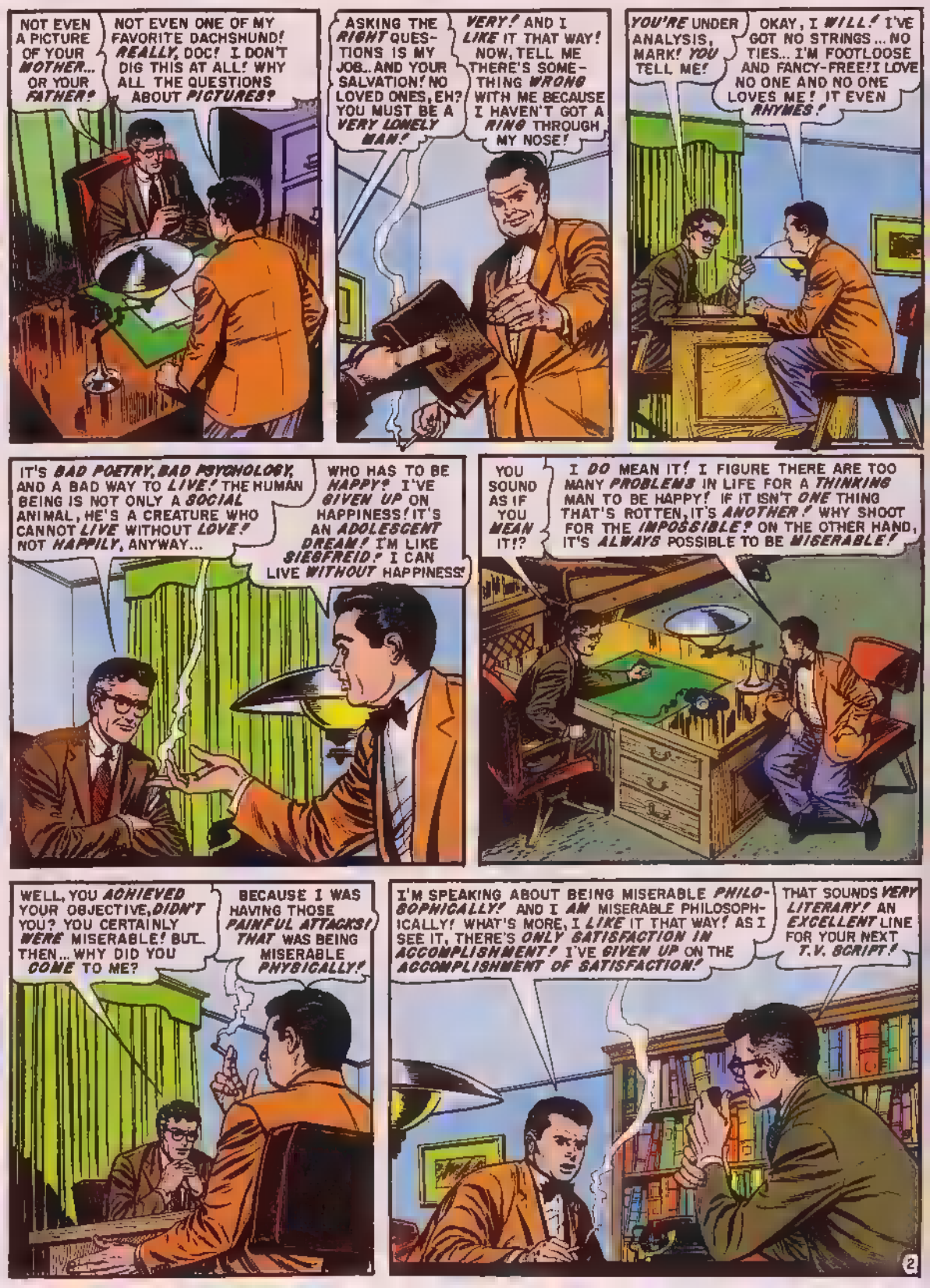
CASE NO. 103 · MALE
SESSION 3

SUBJECT'S NAME:

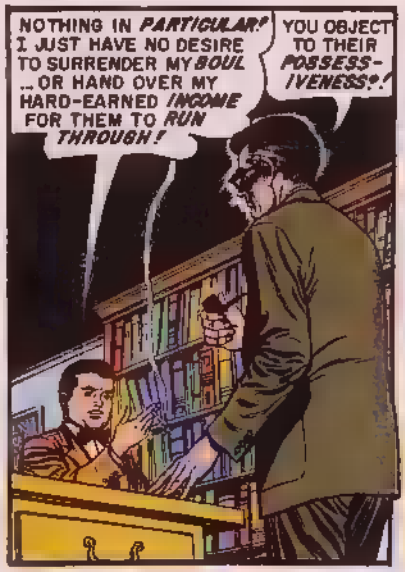
MARK STONE

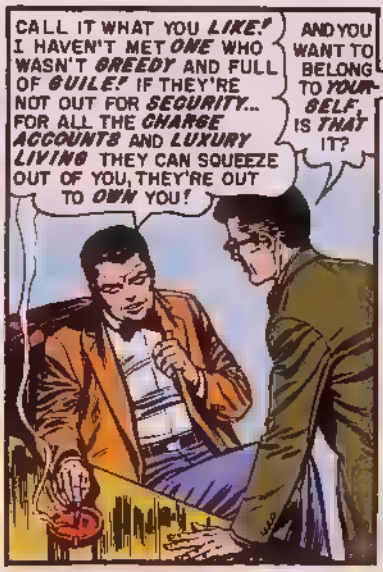
THE SUBJECT, MARK STONE, HAD BEGUN HIS ANALYSIS BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN SUFFERING FROM SEVERE AND PAINFUL "HEART ATTACKS." THESE "ATTACKS," HE SOON DISCOVERED, WERE ACTUALLY ATTACKS OF ANXIETY, CAUSED BY A DEEP INNER CONFLICT BETWEEN HIS OWN PERSONAL DESIRES AND THOSE OF HIS LATE TYRANICAL FATHER. HE ALSO DISCOVERED THAT THE CAUSES OF HIS OVEREATING WERE TWOFOLD. FIRST, HE ATE OUT OF A NEED FOR EMOTIONAL SECURITY, AND SECOND, OUT OF GUILT, BECAUSE HE'D BEEN ASHAMED OF HIS MOTHER. ONE STRONG REASON FOR THE SUBJECT'S ANXIETY WAS HIS UNHAPPINESS AS AN IMMIGRANT'S SON LIVING UNDER CONDITIONS OF PREJUDICE. WRONGLY, HE BLAMED HIS PARENTS FOR HIS UNHAPPINESS, FEELING THAT THEY HAD NO RIGHT TO BRING A CHILD INTO SO SORRY AND UNJUST A WORLD. AS A RESULT OF THIS SENSITIVENESS TO HIS ORIGIN, THE SUBJECT TRIED TO CLIMB BEYOND SOCIAL HATRED BY BECOMING A LITERARY SUCCESS. MARK STONE'S THIRD SESSION BEGAN WITH...



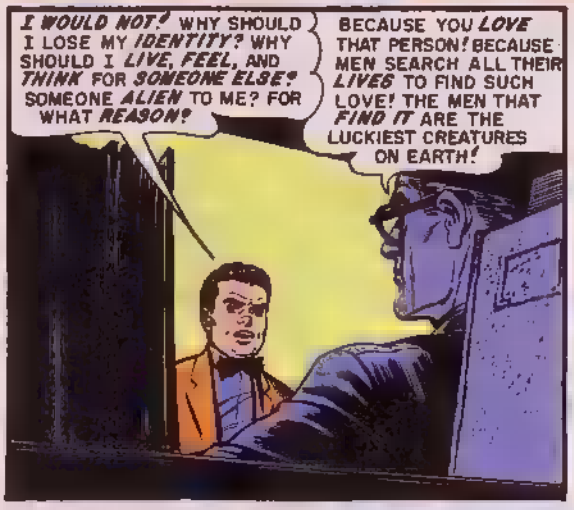

NOT EVEN A PICTURE OF YOUR MOTHER... OR YOUR FATHER!
NOT EVEN ONE OF MY FAVORITE DACHSHUND! REALLY, DOC! I DON'T DIG THIS AT ALL! WHY ALL THE QUESTIONS ABOUT PICTURES?
ASKING THE RIGHT QUESTIONS IS MY JOB.. AND YOUR SALVATION! NO LOVED ONES, EH? YOU MUST BE A VERY LONELY MAN!
VERY! AND I LIKE IT THAT WAY! NOW, TELL ME THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME BECAUSE I HAVEN'T GOT A RING THROUGH MY NOSE!
YOU'RE UNDER ANALYSIS, MARK! YOU TELL ME!
OKAY, I WILL! I'VE GOT NO STRINGS... NO TIES... I'M FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY-FREE! I LOVE NO ONE AND NO ONE LOVES ME! IT EVEN RHYMES!
IT'S BAD POETRY, BAD PSYCHOLOGY, AND A BAD WAY TO LIVE! THE HUMAN BEING IS NOT ONLY A SOCIAL ANIMAL, HE'S A CREATURE WHO CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT LOVE! NOT HAPPILY, ANYWAY...
WHO HAS TO BE HAPPY? I'VE GIVEN UP ON HAPPINESS! IT'S AN ADOLESCENT DREAM! I'M LIKE SIEGFREID! I CAN LIVE WITHOUT HAPPINESS!
YOU SOUND AS IF YOU MEAN IT!?
I DO MEAN IT! I FIGURE THERE ARE TOO MANY PROBLEMS IN LIFE FOR A THINKING MAN TO BE HAPPY! IF IT ISN'T ONE THING THAT'S ROTTEN, IT'S ANOTHER! WHY SHOOT FOR THE IMPOSSIBLE? ON THE OTHER HAND, IT'S ALWAYS POSSIBLE TO BE MISERABLE!
WELL, YOU ACHIEVED YOUR OBJECTIVE, DIDN'T YOU? YOU CERTAINLY WERE MISERABLE! BUT... THEN... WHY DID YOU COME TO ME?
BECAUSE I WAS HAVING THOSE PAINFUL ATTACKS! THAT WAS BEING MISERABLE PHYSICALLY!
I'M SPEAKING ABOUT BEING MISERABLE PHILOSOPHICALLY! AND I AM MISERABLE PHILOSOPHICALLY! WHAT'S MORE, I LIKE IT THAT WAY! AS I SEE IT, THERE'S ONLY SATISFACTION IN ACCOMPLISHMENT! I'VE GIVEN UP ON THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF SATISFACTION!
THAT SOUNDS VERY LITERARY! AN EXCELLENT LINE FOR YOUR NEXT T.V. SCRIPT!

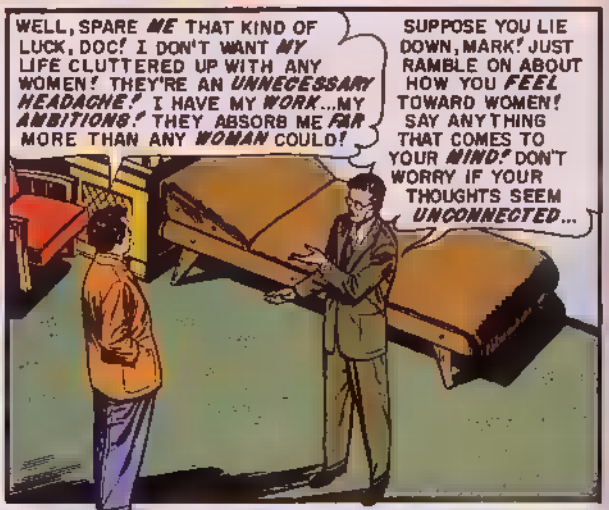
SOMEBODY ELSE USED IT ALREADY! LOOK, DOC! WHAT ARE YOU AFTER? MY LOVE LIFE? IS THAT WHAT YOU MEANT BY MY HAVING NO PICTURES IN MY WALLET?
APPROXIMATELY! A YOUNG MAN OF YOUR AGE...YOUR PRESTIGE... YOUR EXPERIENCE... MUST HAVE A LADY LOVE!
A LADY LOVE!? YOU UNDER-ESTIMATE ME, DOC! IT'S LADY LOVES! EXCEPT THAT I'M IN "LOVE" WITH NONE OF THEM! I NEVER WAS IN LOVE! I NEVER WILL BE! I NEVER FOUND A GIRL WORTH LOVING!
MAYBE THE FAULT IS NOT THEIRS... BUT YOURS!
MAYBE YOU THINK SO? I DON'T! AND I WAS THERE! I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED! THERE ARE FOUR WAYS TO CHARM A WOMAN! HANDSOMENESS...FAME... MONEY... INTELLIGENCE! I'VE GOT THREE OF THEM! THE LAST THREE! THAT'S ALL I NEED...
"IN THE SMART CIRCLES I MOVE IN, THE COMBINATION OF THOSE LAST THREE ■ POSITIVELY LETHAL. A BIG-MONEY T.V. WRITER KNOCKS 'EM DEAD MERELY BY REPUTATION ALONE..."
SO YOU'RE MARK STONE! I WATCH ALL OF YOUR T.V. SHOWS! I'VE ■EEN DYING TO MEET YOU!
UNFORTUNATELY, THERE'S A LINE-UP OF CORPSES AHEAD OF YOU, MY DEAR!
ISN'T HE WITTY? JUST LIKE IN HIS SITUATION COMEDIES!
"BEING IN A SEMI-INFLUENCIAL POSITION, I ALWAYS ATTRACT A CERTAIN NUMBER OF EXTREMELY DESPERATE FEMALES..."
I KNOW I HAVE TALENT, MR. STONE! IF YOU COULD ONLY PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR ME...
I COULD! BUT I MAKE IT A POLICY NEVER TO MIX ROMANCE WITH BUSINESS, HONEY!
"AS A BATCHELOR, I'M CONSTANTLY IN DEMAND AT DINNER PARTIES..."
JOYCE, THIS IS MARK STONE! I'VE TOLD JOYCE SO MUCH ABOUT YOU, MARK...
YES, I'VE BEEN...
I KNOW! DYING TO MEET ME! WHO ISN'T!?
IN SHORT, DOC, I MEET MANY GIRLS! I'VE GOT A LOT TO OFFER THEM! BUT WIND UP GIVING THEM NOTHING BUT SOME OF MY BORED TIME! BECAUSE THEY DESERVE NOTHING MORE!
WHY, MARK? HAVE YOU SOMETHING AGAINST WOMEN?


NOTHING IN PARTICULAR! I JUST HAVE NO DESIRE TO SURRENDER MY SOUL ...OR HAND OVER MY HARD-EARNED INCOME FOR THEM TO RUN THROUGH!
YOU OBJECT TO THEIR POSSESSIVENESS?!


CALL IT WHAT YOU LIKE! I HAVEN'T MET ONE WHO WASN'T GREEDY AND FULL OF GUILE! IF THEY'RE NOT OUT FOR SECURITY... FOR ALL THE CHARGE ACCOUNTS AND LUXURY LIVING THEY CAN SQUEEZE OUT OF YOU, THEY'RE OUT TO OWN YOU!
AND YOU WANT TO BELONG TO YOURSELF, IS THAT IT?

RIGHT! NO PAIR OF HIPS OR BABY BLUE EYES IS GOING TO CON ME OUT OF MYSELF! I DIDN'T DRIVE MYSELF TO GET WHERE I AM JUST TO TURN BODY AND SOUL OVER TO THE FIRST DAME I MEET!
WOULDN'T YOU ENJOY BELONGING TO SOMEONE BESIDE YOURSELF, MARK?


I WOULD NOT! WHY SHOULD I LOSE MY IDENTITY? WHY SHOULD I LIVE, FEEL, AND THINK FOR SOMEONE ELSE? SOMEONE ALIEN TO ME? FOR WHAT REASON?
BECAUSE YOU LOVE THAT PERSON! BECAUSE MEN SEARCH ALL THEIR LIVES TO FIND SUCH LOVE! THE MEN THAT FIND IT ARE THE LUCKIEST CREATURES ON EARTH!


WELL, SPARE ME THAT KIND OF LUCK, DOC! I DON'T WANT MY LIFE CLUTTERED UP WITH ANY WOMEN! THEY'RE AN UNNECESSARY HEADACHE! I HAVE MY WORK...MY AMBITIONS! THEY ABSORB ME FAR MORE THAN ANY WOMAN COULD!
SUPPOSE YOU LIE DOWN, MARK! JUST RAMBLE ON ABOUT HOW YOU FEEL TOWARD WOMEN! SAY ANYTHING THAT COMES TO YOUR MIND! DON'T WORRY IF YOUR THOUGHTS SEEM UNCONNECTED...

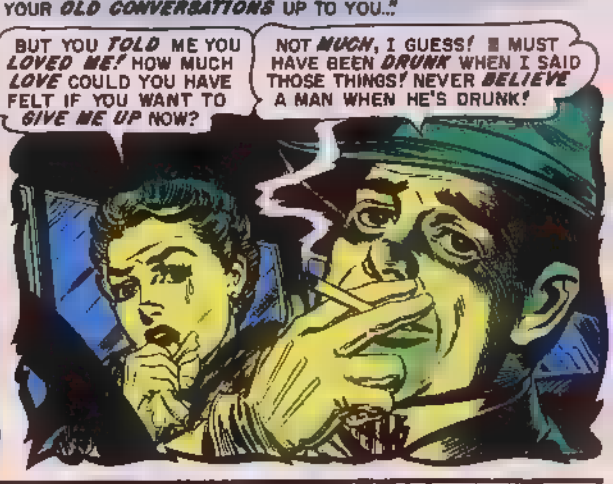
FREE ASSOCIATION, AGAIN, EH? OKAY! I'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE! I'M NOT WORRIED! LET'S SEE...

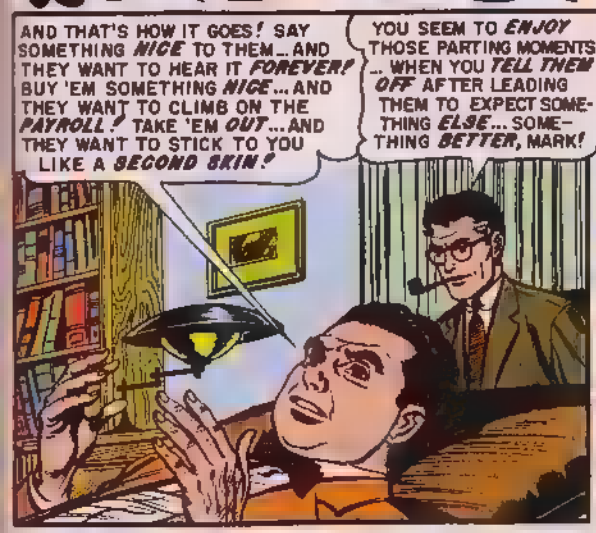
THE SUBJECT STARED UP AT THE CEILING. HIS FACE DARKENED. HIS MOUTH DREW TAUT...
I DISLIKE WOMEN! I HATE 'EM! THEY REMIND ME OF VINES... BOA CONSTRICTORS ...TYING YOU ...STRANGLING YOU WITH THEIR SOFT ARMS...

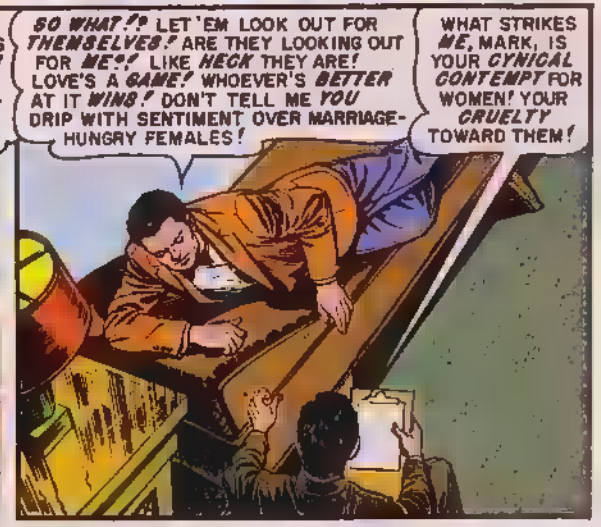
"BE NICE TO 'EM...SEE 'EM A FEW TIMES ...AND THEY THINK THEY OWN YOU..."
BUT WHY CAN'T I SEE YOU AGAIN, MARK? I THOUGHT YOU LIKED ME!
I DID! I DON'T ANY MORE! ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE ME ARRESTED FOR CHANGING MY MIND?!

"THE PARTING OF THE WAYS ALWAYS *GETS* ME! HOW THEY WANT TO *STICK* TO YOU... LIKE *BARNACLES*..."

"IT HANDS ME A LAUGH! THEIR UNMITIGATED *GALL!* THEY THINK THEIR HOOKS *BELONG* IN YOU! AND HOW THEY THROW YOUR *OLD CONVERSATIONS* UP TO YOU..."







"I'M CROSSING THIS WIDE, WIDE BOULEVARD. I'M *DRESSED* STRANGELY, TOO... KIND OF LIKE IN *TAILS*... WITH AN *ARMOR BREASTPLATE!* I'VE GOT *BATTLE RIBBONS* ON MY CHEST ARMOR AND *BOOKS* UNDER MY ARMS! SUDDENLY I HEAR A *NOISE*... A KIND OF *WHIRRING!* I LOOK AROUND! A *WEIRD-LOOKING CAR* IS BEARING DOWN ON ME..."

"THE CAR IS *BEAUTIFUL*... IN A FRIGHTENING WAY! A *DIFFERENT* WAY! THIS CAR HASN'T GOT *HEADLIGHTS!* IT'S GOT *CAT'S EYES!* AND ITS ENGINE DOESN'T *ROAR!* IT *PURRS*... LIKE A CAT! IT DOESN'T SMELL FROM *GASOLINE!* IT SMELLS *SICKLY SWEET*... LIKE ETHER! AND ITS WHEELS AREN'T *RUBBER-TIRED.* THEY'RE *MADE* FUNNY... *RATCHET-LIKE*... SO THEY *CLATTER!* I SCREAM...

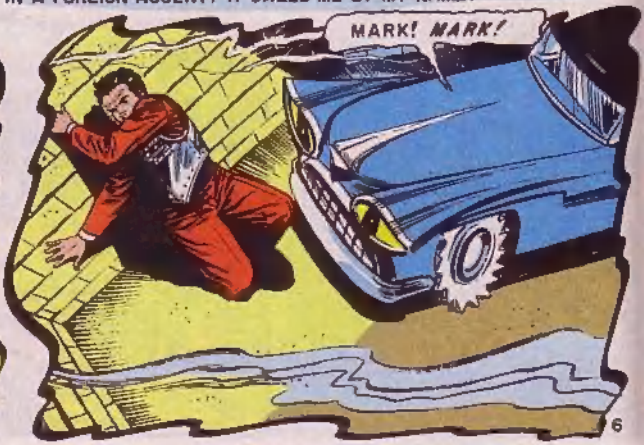
"THE STREET IS DESERTED! THERE ISN'T A COP IN SIGHT! NOT EVEN A PASSERBY TO HELP ME! I'M ALONE! THERE'S JUST *ME*... AND THIS *CAR* THAT'S OUT TO *KILL ME!* I'M IN A PANIC! I RUN DOWN A SIDE STREET! THE CAR FOLLOWS..."

"I SEE AN ALLEYWAY! I DUCK INTO IT! I FIGURE THE CAR CAN'T FOLLOW ME THERE! BUT I'M WRONG! IT MOUNTS THE SIDEWALK ... MAKES ITSELF NARROWER. IT *DOES* FOLLOW ME!"

"I FIND A STILL NARROWER PASSAGEWAY! IT'S NO USE! THE CAR SHRINKS THINNER! IT KEEPS AFTER ME..."

"SUDDENLY, I'M UP AGAINST A STONE WALL... A WALL AS HIGH AS A SKYSCRAPER... A BRICK WALL... UNCLIMBABLE. I'M IN A BLIND ALLEY. THERE'S NO ESCAPE, NOW. THE CAR COMES CLOSER... CLOSER... THOSE GLARING CAT'S EYES... THE CLACKING WHEELS... THE SICKLY SWEET SMELL. I SCREAM..."

"IT'S THE END FOR ME! I KNOW IT! THE ABSOLUTE END. I'M GOING TO BE SQUASHED... LIKE A BUG! AND THEN, A CRAZY THING HAPPENS. THE CAR STOPS PURRING. IT BEGINS TALKING. IN A FOREIGN ACCENT! IT CALLS ME BY MY NAME."



"SUDDENLY THE CAR ISN'T *BEAUTIFUL* ANYMORE! IT TURNS INTO AN *OLD HEAP*... *RUN DOWN*... A *BEAT-UP OLD CHASSIS!* IT BACKS OFF... AND I FEEL SICK..."

CHOKE...

AND THAT'S THE END OF MY DREAM. AS I SAID BEFORE, IT KEEPS COMING *BACK* TO ME! I'VE HAD IT *BEFORE!* I HAD IT *LAST NIGHT!*

THINK, MARK! DON'T YOU *USUALLY* HAVE THAT DREAM BEFORE ONE OF YOUR *"BIG PAYOFFS"*? BEFORE YOU TELL SOME GIRL YOU'VE TAKEN A FANCY TO THAT IT'S *ALL OFF*... THAT SHE'S *DIRT* TO YOU... A *BARNACLE*... A *BORE!*

WH-WHY, *Y-YES!* THAT'S... THAT'S *RIGHT!* HOW DID YOU *KNOW?* I... I'VE GOT A DATE *TONIGHT* WITH A GIRL... A GIRL I'M PLANNING ON *BREAKING OFF* WITH!

WHEN WE *DREAM*, OUR USUAL *DAY-TIME CENSORS* ARE *ABOLISHED*, MARK! WE'RE MORE TRULY *OURSELVES!* THE ONLY THING IS, WE USUALLY DREAM IN *SYMBOLS!* THE *TRICK* IS TO DISCOVER THEIR *MEANINGS! THEN*, THE DREAM *MAKES SENSE!*

SO LET'S EXAMINE *YOUR* DREAM AND DISCOVER ITS *REAL MEANING!* NOW... YOU DREAM YOU ARE WALKING IN A *"PARK AVENUE - SUTTON PLACE HIGH-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD."* WHAT DOES *THAT* MEAN TO YOU?

PARK AVENUE! SUTTON PLACE! THAT'S *UPPER CRUST STUFF! HIGH SOCIETY! MONEY! WEALTH! SUCCESS!*

AND *"BATTLE RIBBONS"?*

WAR HEROES! PRESTIGE! FAME!

YOU'VE GOT *BOOKS UNDER YOUR ARM"?* WHAT DO *BOOKS* MEAN TO YOU?

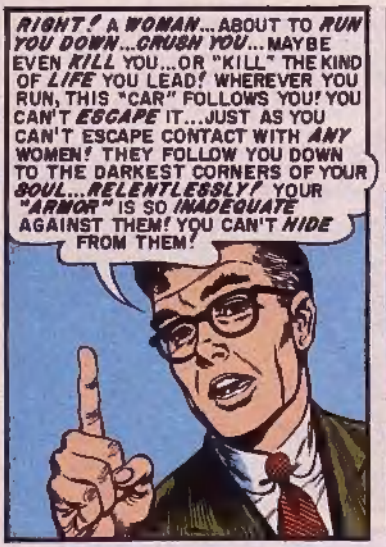
INTELLIGENCE! LITERARY SUCCESS! LEARNING! RESPECTABILITY!

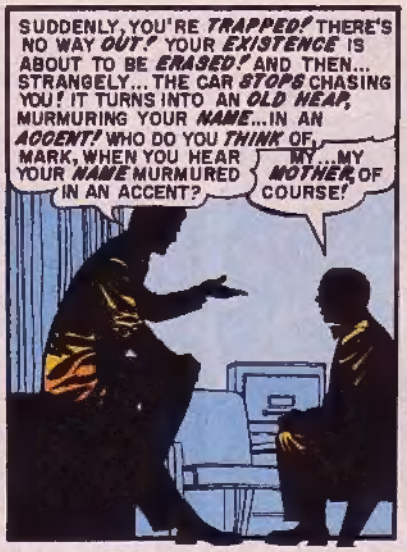
GOOD! SO YOU'RE WALKING THROUGH THE *LIFE* YOU'VE MADE FOR YOURSELF! WE SEE YOUR *HIGH FINANCIAL SUCCESS*... THE *LITERARY WAY* BY WHICH YOU EARN YOUR *LIVING*... THE *FAME*... THE *PRESTIGE*... THEY'RE ALL THERE, *RIGHT?* AND YOU'RE *DRESSED* FOR IT *TOO!* IN *TAILS!* NOW WHAT ABOUT THE *"ARMOR"* YOU'RE WEARING?

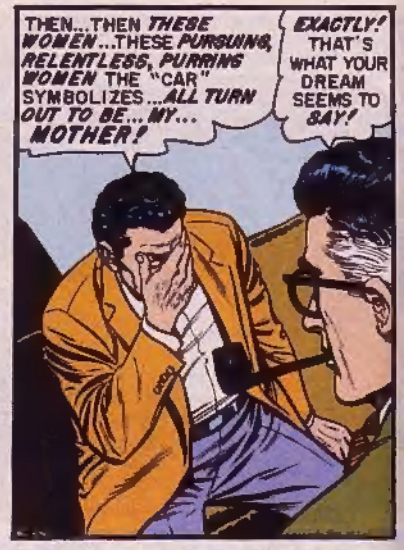
ARMOR? THAT'S *PROTECTION*... A *BARRIER*... AGAINST BEING *WOUNDED*... *HURT!*

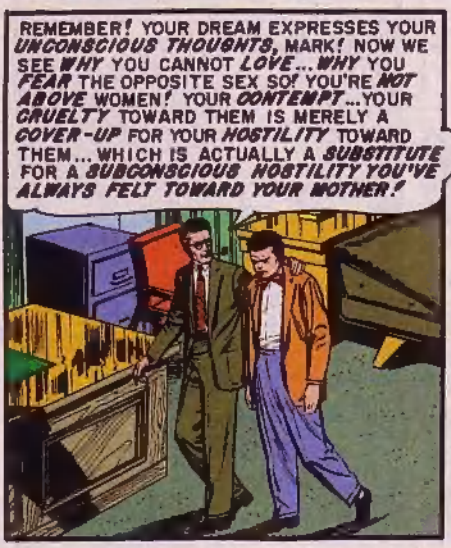
NOW! SUDDENLY OUT OF NOWHERE, COMES THIS... THIS *"CHASSIS"! CAT'S EYES! PURRING! SWEET-SMELLING! CLACKING! CLACKING AFTER YOU!* WHAT *CLACKS* LIKE THAT CAN YOU DREAM ABOUT, MARK?

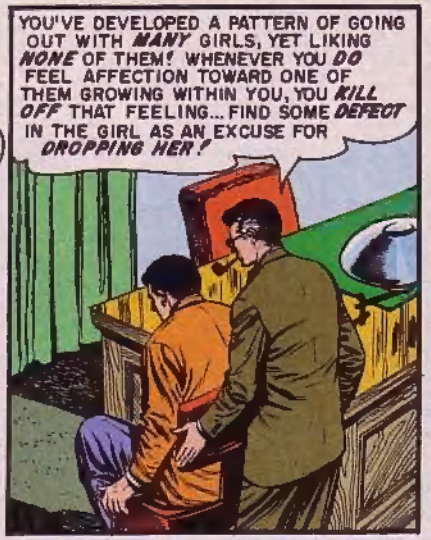
I KNOW! A *WOMAN'S HEELS! HIGH HEELS!* THE CAR... THE CAR IS A *WOMAN!*


RIGHT! A WOMAN...ABOUT TO RUN YOU DOWN...CRUSH YOU...MAYBE EVEN KILL YOU...OR "KILL" THE KIND OF LIFE YOU LEAD! WHEREVER YOU RUN, THIS "CAR" FOLLOWS YOU! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE IT...JUST AS YOU CAN'T ESCAPE CONTACT WITH ANY WOMEN! THEY FOLLOW YOU DOWN TO THE DARKEST CORNERS OF YOUR SOUL...RELENTLESSLY! YOUR "ARMOR" IS SO INADEQUATE AGAINST THEM! YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM THEM!


SUDDENLY, YOU'RE TRAPPED! THERE'S NO WAY OUT! YOUR EXISTENCE IS ABOUT TO BE ERASED! AND THEN... STRANGELY...THE CAR STOPS CHASING YOU! IT TURNS INTO AN OLD HEAP, MURMURING YOUR NAME...IN AN ACCENT! WHO DO YOU THINK OF, MARK, WHEN YOU HEAR YOUR NAME MURMURED IN AN ACCENT?
MY...MY MOTHER, OF COURSE!


THEN...THEN THESE WOMEN...THESE PURSUING, RELENTLESS, PURRING WOMEN THE "CAR" SYMBOLIZES...ALL TURN OUT TO BE...MY... MOTHER!
EXACTLY! THAT'S WHAT YOUR DREAM SEEMS TO SAY!


REMEMBER! YOUR DREAM EXPRESSES YOUR UNCONSCIOUS THOUGHTS, MARK! NOW WE SEE WHY YOU CANNOT LOVE...WHY YOU FEAR THE OPPOSITE SEX SO! YOU'RE NOT ABOVE WOMEN! YOUR CONTEMPT...YOUR CRUELTY TOWARD THEM IS MERELY A COVER-UP FOR YOUR HOSTILITY TOWARD THEM...WHICH IS ACTUALLY A SUBSTITUTE FOR A SUBCONSCIOUS HOSTILITY YOU'VE ALWAYS FELT TOWARD YOUR MOTHER!


YOU'VE DEVELOPED A PATTERN OF GOING OUT WITH MANY GIRLS, YET LIKING NONE OF THEM! WHENEVER YOU DO FEEL AFFECTION TOWARD ONE OF THEM GROWING WITHIN YOU, YOU KILL OFF THAT FEELING...FIND SOME DEFECT IN THE GIRL AS AN EXCUSE FOR DROPPING HER!

IN TRUTH, HOWEVER, YOU ARE CONSTANTLY IDENTIFYING THESE WOMEN WITH YOUR MOTHER...PERPETUATING A CHILDHOOD RESENTMENT YOU SECRETLY FELT TOWARD HER! WHAT WAS THAT RESENTMENT, MARK?

I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T KNOW!
WELL, WE DO KNOW THAT YOU RESENTED HER FOREIGN ORIGIN. WE ALSO KNOW THAT SHE WENT TO EXTREMES IN TAKING CARE OF YOU! SHE PRACTICALLY FORCED YOU TO OVEREAT IN AN EFFORT TO MAKE YOU STRONG AND HEALTHY...

THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHAT I HATED! HER PAMPERING! HER HAWKING OVER ME! "MARK! EAT!" "MARK, FINISH YOUR LUNCH!" "MARK, DON'T YOU WANT TO BE BIG AND STRONG? MAKE A CLEAN PLATE!" IT WAS AS IF...AS IF...
YES, MARK..?

IT WAS AS IF SHE DIDN'T REALLY CARE ABOUT ME... ABOUT WHAT I WANTED... AS MUCH AS SHE CARED ABOUT WHAT SHE WANTED! AS IF SHE WERE BEING SELFISH!
SELFISH?
YES! HER SO-CALLED DEVOTION TO MY NEEDS WAS MORE LIKE A DEVOTION TO HER OWN NEEDS!
HER OWN NEEDS FOR WHAT, MARK?
I DON'T KNOW! MY FATHER WAS A TYRANT! HE COMPLETELY DOMINATED HER! I FEEL... I FEEL AS THOUGH SHE WERE GETTING BACK AT HIM BY DOMINATING ME!
AS IF YOU WERE A TOOL...A SUBSTITUTE?
YES! YES! SHE DIDN'T REALLY LOVE ME! SHE LOVED HERSELF! EVERYTHING SHE SUPPOSEDLY DID FOR ME WAS ACTUALLY FOR HER OWN GRATIFICATION!
YOU SEE THAT, NOW?
YES! AND I ALSO SEE THAT I'VE COME TO EXPECT ALL WOMEN TO BE LIKE MY MOTHER! SELF-SATISFYING! INSINCERE! SELFISH! INCAPABLE OF TRULY AND OPENLY LOVING!
WE LEARN BY EXPERIENCE, MARK! NOT ONLY INTELLECTUALLY ...BUT EMOTIONALLY, AS WELL!
WE ACQUIRE OUR EMOTIONAL EDUCATION IN OUR EARLY CHILDHOOD! OUR FIRST CONTACTS...OUR PARENTS... OUR EARLY TEACHERS! SOMETIMES THEY TEACH US WRONG! YOU WERE TAUGHT WRONG!
AFFECTION AND LOVE...LIKE MARRIAGE...MUST BE DIRECTED, IN YOUR CASE, TOWARD A WOMAN AS AN INDIVIDUAL, MARK... NOT TOWARD A SUBSTITUTE FOR YOUR MOTHER! YOU MUST NOT EXPECT ALL WOMEN TO BE YOUR MOTHER! OTHERWISE YOU'LL NEVER BE FREE TO LOVE! YOU'LL ALWAYS BE AFRAID!
I...I HAVE A CONFESSION, DOC! I...I DO HAVE A PICTURE IN THIS WALLET. IT'S OF A GIRL I'VE BEEN SEEING A LOT OF LATELY! A GIRL I LIKE...VERY MUCH! I...I'VE GOT IT IN ONE OF THOSE SECRET COMPARTMENTS...
I KNOW, MARK! I SAW IT! I HAVE A WALLET JUST LIKE YOURS... WITH ONE OF THOSE SECRET COMPARTMENTS! BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO KEEP YOUR HEART HIDDEN ANYMORE, LIKE THAT PICTURE, DO YOU MARK? YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID ANYMORE!
I'M...I'M SEEING HER TONIGHT, DOC! I...I'M GLAD WE SPOKE ABOUT THIS TODAY! I'VE...I'VE CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS NOW! ALL I CAN SAY IS, "THANKS"!
THE END